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INGERSOLLISM

BROUGHT FACE TO FACE

WITH

CHRISTIANITY.

TWO SERMONS PREACHED

BY

REV. J. H. CALDWELL, D. D.,

AT THE REQUEST OF OFFICIAL MEMBERS OF ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH,
JANUARY 16, 1881.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Wilmington M. E. Preachers' Meeting at its session on Monday, Jan. 17th, 1880, adopted the following :

WHEREAS, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has publicly blasphemed the name of our God, assailed our holy Religion and denounced christianity as superstition and hypocrisy. And whereas the Rev. J. H. Caldwell, D. D., pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church of this city, has delivered from his pulpit two sermons on Ingersollism, exposing its fallacies and pernicious tendency. Therefore be it

Resolved, that the said sermons should have a wider circulation and that Dr. J. H. Caldwell be requested to publish, or permit them to be published in pamphlet form, in order that they may be conveniently distributed and preserved.

EDWARD DAVIS.

President Wilmington M. E. Preachers' Meeting

A. STENGLE, *Secretary*.

REV. J. H. CALDWELL, D. D.

Dear Brother :—I am glad to know that you have consented to the publication of your two sermons on "Ingersollism." They cannot fail to offset the evil influence of the extended circulation of the noted Lecturer's views ; and I hope the sermons will have the attentive reading of thousands in our community, and elsewhere.

L. C. MATLACK.

P. E. Wilmington District

Wilmington, Del., Jan. 22, 1881.

I concur with Dr. Matlack's recommendation,

L. SCOTT.

One of the Bishops of the M. E. Church

INGERSOLLISM BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH CHRISTIANITY.

"And the servants of the King of Syria said unto him, Their gods are gods of the hills; therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they." 1 Kings xx: 23.

"And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" 2 Cor. vi: 15.

I cannot help being somewhat personal to-day. I am to speak of what I call *Ingersollism*, by which I mean the system of infidelity propagated by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, and in which I embrace his peculiar methods of propagation. I cannot separate Ingersollism from the person whose name is Ingersoll, any more than I can separate a tree from its shadow. Ingersoll is the tree—Ingersollism the shadow. I would gladly spare the tree, but must destroy the shadow if I can, because of the evil which it does. I have a garden to cultivate with tender plants growing in it, which can only flourish in the sunshine. If Ingersoll's shadow falls upon them I must endeavor to remove it, so they can still enjoy the light of the sun. Some of my plants that have been chilled by this dismal shadow have turned to me beseechingly, and said: "Let us have the light;" and I am determined to do the best I can to let them have it. If in touching the shadow the tree or any of its branches should complain, and say I strike too hard, I can only say in reply, as did the famous philosopher to the young king, "Stand out of my sunshine."

I have the full dimensions of his shadow in a printed copy of his lecture, which he assures us under his own signature, is the only "correct and authorized edition."

When the king of Syria was defeated by the Israelites, his servants said to him, "Their gods are gods of the hills, therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they." Ingersollism

has chosen to stand on the plain of this lower world with its earth-born gods ; I stand with the God of the hills, whose name is Jehovah. On Mount Zion I take my position, and look down upon the valley below. It is the valley of the shadow of death, and now I say to this adversary of my God, stand up and face Him. One thing I know, that, whether on hill top or plain, my God is the stronger, so I give this challenge to-day, Stand up, Ingersollism, and face the God of the everlasting hills. My present topic is

INGERSOLLISM.

First, Its Infidelity. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has openly avowed and attempted to defend infidelity, therefore Ingersollism, as set forth by him, is infidelity. What is infidelity ? In its broadest sense it means unbelief ; disbelief ; and specifically the disbelief of Christianity. Mark, it is not merely *mis*belief, but *dis*belief ; not merely a bad faith, an imperfect faith, but no faith at all. Mr. Ingersoll's attacks upon belief, upon faith, upon the Christian Creeds of every kind, make Ingersollism infidelity. Infidelity goes by different names, indicating distinctive differences. If Christianity is divided into different sects, owing to differences in creed, ecclesiastical government, and ritual observances, so is infidelity divided and subdivided into various sects and fragmentary parts. Therefore it is not anything more to the disparagement of Christianity that Christians differ in opinion, than it is disparaging to infidelity that infidels also disagree. But on either hand there are common grounds of unification, so that as Christianity is one as to its essence of faith, infidelity is also one in the essence of unbelief. If one is properly called THE UNITY OF FAITH, which makes all true believers one body in Christ, the other with equal propriety may be called the UNITY OF UNBELIEF, which makes all infidels one body in antagonism to Christ. Ingersollism directs all its energies to one point, the destruction of Christian belief ; hence the conflict of this hour. I will briefly enumerate some of the prominent forms of infidelity,¹ and set forth the principle of their unification. Atheism is the first, perhaps worst, form of infidelity. It literally means *without God*. It is the absolute negation of God of any Divine Being. Among the wisest of the Greek philosophers Atheism was considered synonymous with wickedness, because it engendered and encouraged the most odious forms of vice

1. See Christlieb's Modern Doubt and Christian Belief.

Therefore Atheists were some times banished as enemies of the State, and their names stigmatized as infamous. Modern Atheism is no better than ancient Atheism. If Ingersollism is Atheism, I will show by Ingersoll's own admissions that it is the worst form of Atheism. The next form of infidelity is Materialism. It merges God in matter, and holds that outside of matter there is nothing. All that exists is material ; there is no separate spiritual existence ; that which is called spirit, or spiritual life, is nothing but a function of bodily life. Materialism and Atheism are twin brothers, they play into each other's hands, and amount, in fact, to the same thing. Materialism has been well called "the gospel of the flesh," because it is the "absolute deification of matter and of the creature." The Materialists say that "the soul is the product of the brain's development ;" that "Man is what he eats," that he is "made of wind and ashes," that "vegetable life called him into existence ;" that "he is nothing more than a mosaic figure made up of different atoms ;" that in matter may be discerned "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."² This is Materialism. Ingersollism accepts it when it bids you fear no God but yourself ; when it declares the absolute supremacy of natural law, and when it tells you, in effect, that you have the capacity for self-salvation, which is nothing more than salvation from poverty in this world, salvation from physical disease, salvation from mental disorders, which all have their seat in the body. Mr. Ingersoll determined to save himself, and by his remunerative lectures he is hard at work, trying to save himself, at least from poverty.

The third kind of infidelity is Pantheism. It acknowledges a God, but the universe itself is that God. "Beyond and outside of the world he does not exist, but only in the world." He is the Soul, the Reason, the Spirit of the world, and all nature is his body. The motto of Pantheism is EN KAI PAN—ONE AND ALL. All things are God, but there is no God outside of nature. There is no personal, spiritual God outside of the mind and matter that are in the world—but all existing mind and matter is God, and therefore Ingersoll is God. Ingersollism makes itself Pantheistic when it denies a spiritual, personal God, and yet talks about God and the paramount control of all things by natural law. In its last analysis Pantheism is nothing but blind force, operating without intelligence and without a plan. The last form of infidelity

2. Prof. Tyndall's Belfast Address.

that I shall mention is Deism. It was formerly called *Naturalism* as opposed to the supernatural ; but is now merged in the more general name—*Rationalism*, which holds to the supremacy of human reason. But Deism—at least the old form of it, until it merged into materialism and pantheism which in fact are modern Atheism,—recognizes a God, a personal God, a spiritual God, a creating God. But this God, after making the world, left it to take care of itself. He did not even appoint a guardian for it, or make any arrangement to rectify it when it goes wrong, but treats it like an artificer treats a machine which he has made, and leaves to the operation of mechanical laws to pursue its course accordingly. This was the God of the old English Deists, and I believe of Tom Paine. It differs from Pantheism in this, that it believes in a personal, Spiritual God. Pantheism makes God every thing in nature ; the gnat and the elephant, the savage and the philosopher are constituent parts of the God of Pantheism, and, per consequence, Ingersoll is God. He does not believe in an Omnipresent and spiritual God, but scoffs at the idea when he discovers in our Lord's words in John about the wind blowing where it listeth, the idea of a Real Presence. He contemns the idea of an Omniscient, all-Wise, Intelligent God, whom he speaks of as the "Evesdropper of the Universe." He utterly ignores, scoffs at and ridicules the God of the Bible. The Universe is his Bible.

Now these different forms of infidelity sometimes blend, and seem to be closely united ; at other times they diverge, and present different phenomena ; but they all bear the family likeness of brothers, and spring from a common parent—UNBELIEF. This is the first common principle of their unification, this is the common bond of their consanguinity. This has its necessary correlate, that is a common antagonism to Christian belief. If you spend but one-half hour in tracing the phenomena of Ingersollism, you will discover that this is its essence. It is the deadly enemy of the Christian faith ; it is hostile to all creeds that bear the name of Christian ; it blindly assaults them all with scarcely any discrimination, making little or no difference between the superstitious credulity of an ignorant fanatic, and the rational belief of a cultured divine like Jonathan Edwards, and a philosopher like Sir Isaac Newton. It sees scarcely any difference between the religion of Roman Catholics as it exists in Portugal, Spain and Italy, and that of Protestants which has combatted it for three hundred and fifty years, thus

gnoring the grandest history of the world and the grandest achievements of that history. It is the bitter, fierce, uncompromising enemy of all faith but faith in itself. It is an impious and audacious self-assertion against God and religion. Such is the infidelity of Ingersollism.

Second, Its Stump Oratory. Mr. Ingersoll is an orator, and I am told a most powerful and captivating orator, an orator of wonderful magnetism, who draws to him almost all sorts of people, cultivated and illiterate, refined and vulgar, reputable and disreputable, and bewitches them until they become wild with excitement, and applause becomes, as it were, epidemic. If such talents were consecrated to the elevation and improvement of mankind in civil government, in education, in temperance or other wholesome moral reforms, they would win for him an enviable reputation and immortal honor. But he spends his time and strength in endeavoring to pull down and destroy the most venerable, the most sacred, the most beneficent institutions that ever brought light, truth and happiness to the human race. He is the apostle of infidelity, the prophet of the baser instincts of humanity, and degrades himself by adopting the occupation of a mere speech-maker, an itinerant stump-orator, whose influence can be seen and felt only in contributing to the growth of infidelity, of communism, of socialism, of popular discontent, and, I doubt not, of ultimate tumult which will some day appear in violent attempts to reconstruct society itself, and constrain it to adopt his principles.³ In this his system differs from the old infidelity, and deserves the distinctive appellation of INGERSOLLISM.

But while he has the gifts of great and splendid oratory, he lacks the depth and breadth, and has far less of the culture of the noted infidels of the past. The world has had its Voltaire, and his magnificent literature; the *Contrat Social* of J. J. Rousseau, which promised an era of peace, prosperity and good will among men, and seemed to be realized in part at the famous Feast of Pikes in Paris, only to be followed in time by an era of blood and terror; Volney with his splendid *Reflections on the Ruins of Empires*; Hume, with his profound metaphysics; Strauss, with his "Life of Christ," and Renan with his "*Vie de Jesus*." These men had research and philosophy; they used a sophistry that taxes the strength of the greatest logician to detect and expose; some of them dealt in raillery more refined than Ingersoll's, in satire more pointed, in wit

3. See Draper's *Conflict Between Religion and Science* p 364.

more brilliant, in epigrams more spirited, in lampoons more original, in declamation more splendid, in descriptions more sublime, in reflections more profound, and in their views of natural law, religion and sociology, they were more consistent. But they made no speeches. Thomas Paine was less cultivated than Ingersoll, but vastly more intellectual. In one particular they agree, however—the coarseness of their ribaldry, and the fierceness of their invectives against all who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. Tom Paine made no public speeches against Christianity. In this he is surpassed by Ingersoll. I take Bradlaugh of England to be inferior to Ingersoll as a stump speaker, but his superior in strength of mind, thoroughness of research, and persistency of purpose. They are both called for by a certain class of persons described by St. Paul, “who will not endure sound doctrine ; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears.” (2 Tim. 4 : 3.) Two phrases here describe their character—“their own lusts—” “itching ears.” In every community there are persons whose moral tastes, propensities and habits are so repugnant, not only to the self-denying doctrines, the spiritual influences, and the elevating hopes of the Gospel, but to the virtuous practices enjoined in the moral code of Christianity, that they demand teachers who shall flatter them in their self-security, and ease their consciences on all questions relating to a future responsibility.

Such persons hail Mr. Ingersoll as their prophet. He preaches to them the gospel of the flesh, and it pleases them. His lampooning of the different denominations of Christians and their creeds enraptures them, and his satirical hits at ministers and those who revere their teachings are sure to call forth their hearty plaudits. His *bon mots* tickle them, his fierce declamation electrifies them, and by turning to them the humorous side of his nature often enough to keep their enthusiasm glowing, he innoculates them with his incredulity, and then, turning the sour side of his nature to their view, he engenders that deadly hatred of Christianity which he confesses he feels in his own heart. This is in part what may be distinctively termed *Ingersollism*. It is itinerant stump-oratory, weak in argument, reckless in statement, strong only in its self-assertion ; but black as the raven clouds of night in the gloom which it casts upon the grave and eternity.

THIRD—ITS VENALITY.

I think this is one of the peculiarities of Ingersollism. Like the Swiss, Ingersoll fights for pay. He cannot afford to marshal

his false gods upon the plain and in the valleys without a good round subsidy. He must have money to carry on his campaign against the God of the hills. He insists upon foraging in the enemies' fields, and even Christians contribute of their substance to his support. He makes wit, grimace, ridicule and burlesque pay. They are his stock in trade, his capital, which he invests wherever it will "do the most good." To gain plaudits, and get wide-spread notoriety, is not enough for him. Conscious of a want of originality in his arguments, and that many of his witicisms and sharp sayings, his keenest weapons, are borrowed capital, he has no hope of winning a permanent reputation which even Tom Paine would not eclipse. Therefore he must have money, and all his addresses are prepared and adapted to that end. This is Ingersollism. Is it not peculiar? It is worse than the old infidelity. Voltaire loved money, and he made it by venturing in lotteries and other speculations. But he made no money by speech-making. He grew immensely rich, and built a fine *chateau* where he received and generously entertained some poor, persecuted Protestants. I shall have a better opinion of Mr. Ingersoll when I see him spending a good portion of the money he gets by lecturing against the Bible, in providing for poor believers in our Lord Jesus Christ. Voltaire once built a church and had it dedicated to God. When will Ingersoll do the like of that? How would he feel in erecting an altar to the God of the hills, the God that is embraced in the Trinitarian Creed, which he calls "that infinite absurdity?" The Trinitarian Creed held alike by Roman Catholics and Protestants has, as its first clause, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." Is that God an "infinite absurdity?" He is if the Creed acknowledging Him be such.

Voltaire, the "Light of Europe," was in darkness, he had not come to the Ingersollian light, for he built a church, but Mr. Ingersoll says that a man had better build a home than erect a church.

Tom Paine wrote a book—the Age of Reason—part of it in a prison in Paris, where he was condemned to the Guillotine, and which he escaped by a mere accident. But he made no money by speech-making, but little with his book, and died at last in extreme poverty and wretchedness. He never designed to make his infidelity a means of support. Salvation from poverty was no part of his plan of salvation. Ingersollism is venal, it is mercenary.

Ingersollism is itinerant peddling in small wares—wit, ridicule, and burlesque. But it pays—a grimace for a penny—a jest for a dime, a *bon mot* for fifty cents, a good burlesque, with a “palpable hit” for a “Smiling Bland.”

Ingersollism is a speculation in risibles. Ingersoll knows that man is a risible animal, that with any amount of civilization and culture he will still laugh. Cultivate his brain, refine his sentiments, stuff him with philosophy, and still he will laugh. Put him in a circus and he will laugh at the clown in spite of all religion and all philosophy. Ingersoll is a good jester, he knows how to make people laugh, and that is the way he makes money. No matter whether it is a lie or the truth, or a mixture of both, if it makes people laugh, for it is the laughter that pays.

Laughing is good sometimes, it is a genial, healthful exercise. Even religion makes people laugh, now and then. Abraham fell on his face before God and laughed with joy and gladness when he received the promise of a Messiah to come. I have seen Christians smile, and their whole faces suffused with laughter in their holiest religious exercises, because their religion made them happy. It was not mercenary laughter.

I can, myself, laugh heartily at some of Mr. Ingersoll's good humor and sallies of wit. But I do not like his ridiculing of sacred things. I do not believe in what has been called “sour godliness.” I like good humor, as well as the jovial, witty orator. He is never applauded so warmly, nor laughed at so heartily as when he makes a *bon mot* against the Bible, or makes the Christians of the nineteenth century either barbarians or hypocrites. All this I condemn. It is absurd, false and impious. He causes the laugh and gets his pay.

Ingersollism with the laugh left out would be a very dry and insipid thing. But any man that can make people laugh can make his fortune; it is a surer investment than bank stock, or railroad bonds, or a venture among the bulls and bears of Wall street. Only think how little capital is required. I could cull from the epigrams of Voltaire and the wits of the court of Charles II, enough to keep you all laughing till midnight, and so can Ingersoll.

Ingersollism is cupidity gorging itself by lampooning the best and wisest men, and ridiculing the best and holiest cause, and misquoting the most sacred Book, and blaspheming the most August

Being. Ingersollian laughter is sordid, and therefore a thing to be despised ; it is impious, and therefore a thing to be condemned ; it is a mere play of words, making a noise, like a rattle in the hands of a child, and therefore a thing to be reprobated as vain and useless. It is an investment in risibles, and therefore venal.

FOURTH—ITS CREED.

Ingersoll has his *Credo*. He says : "I believe." This is what the Christian says : Ingersoll derives, or professes to derive, his creed from nature, for the universe is his Bible, and it consists of these and a few other articles. "I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness ; the gospel of good-nature ; the gospel of good health. I believe in the gospel of liberty. I believe in the gospel of intelligence. I believe in the gospel of good living."

This last article I can dispose of at once. The good living he believes in is not living *good*, but living in the enjoyment of the world's luxuries—a splendid home, gay equipage, sumptuous fare, plenty of money, and a good easy time while he lives ; fearing no God, defying Hell, and making the most of this life. This is the only "good living" known to the gospel of the flesh. It requires no self-denial, no cross-bearing, no praying, repenting or believing.

Col. Ingersoll defines "Religion" to consist wholly in "man's duty to man."⁴ It leaves out the greater part of true religion, namely—Man's duty to God. Hence Ingersoll's plan of salvation knows no sin because there is no God ; no repentance, because there is no sin ; no prayer, because there is none to pray to unless you pray to yourself.

Well, then, after all his lampooning of creeds, here is Ingersoll's Creed—here is the *Consensus Ingersollii*, to which he would have the whole world bow, which none but hypocrites will reject, for as I shall show in due time—all, or nearly all, are hypocrites who do not agree with him. Here is his creed. Has it a Savior ? Yes ; he calls it Intelligence. "Intelligence," he tells us, "must be the Savior of the world." Has it a God ? It has none mentioned. Why ? Because Ingersoll never speaks in positive terms of a God. He always or very frequently uses an "If." "If there is a God." But he does positively deny a personal God. He does not believe in a spiritual, personal Being having the attributes of intelligence, power, holiness and goodness. His Savior—Intelligence—is mere human intelligence. He does not believe in the God of

Deism—who is the Maker of this mundane machine—the world and all things therein. He has a lecture—No. 15—entitled “Personal Deism Denied.” So he denies the existence of a personal God. Do not misunderstand him here. In a flippant, ironical way he often refers to God. Saying, God does this, or God will not do that, or God ought to have done this or that—and some of his hearers are left under the impression that he believes in a God. But I tell you he rejects and combats the doctrine of a personal God. Yet there is a deep significance in his little word “If.” “If there is a God.” It shows something more in the inner working and movement of Ingersoll’s mind than appears on the surface of those voluminous lectures which are characteristically described as “enjoyable combinations of wit and oratory.” Like a famous heathen temple, it faces two ways—now toward the God of the hill-top, seated on the shining apex of truth—now towards the gods of the valley,, skulking amid the damps and shadows of the mountains. When it faces the hill-top, it betrays the universal consciousness of a God; when it looks down into the valley, it belies that consciousness, and dallies with the false gods of Materialism and Pantheism. The consciousness of a Supreme Intelligence and Power is universal; it is a positive conviction in the human mind; it cannot be laughed away; it cannot be thrust out by lampoonry; it cannot be extinguished by scoffs, and jeers, and sneers. It meets one at every turn, when he looks upon the bright sky, upon the broad sea, upon the beaming face of man, or woman, or child. It is in the breast of a savage and of a philosopher. It was in Socrates and Seneca and Cicero, as it was in St. Paul and Luther and Wesley. It was in Voltaire and Tom Paine even down to the close of life. Like the ghost of Banquo, it would not down in the dark chambers where the great infidels met their fate. It is in Ingersoll, and will be in him to his dying hour. And in that hour he may, like Rochester, like Altamont, like Voltaire, like Paine, confess it.*

That little “If” betrays the presence in him of that deep, interior consciousness, and his denial of a personal God belies it.

* Since these discourses were delivered the following appeared in one of the city papers:

INGERSOLLISM AT THE GRAVE.

Colonel Ingersoll broke down at the funeral of his sister in Erie on Monday, and could not deliver the address which he had prepared for the occasion. A mighty change has come over his temper with reference to religious things since he pronounced his singular oration at the grave of his father-in-law. That was full of confidence in his theory of the life that now is and of the life which is to come, uttering it in a tone not defiant, but at least determined. The tone changed at the grave of his brother, and all who read the address delivered there, recall it as the embodiment of pathos. Ingersoll was going through an experience new to him, and for which apparently his philosophy had not prepared him so well as he imagined. The third affliction came with crushing weight, and he bent before it like a reed before the storm. Ingersoll’s fortitude seems to be weakening under repeated afflictions, and his faith, if it may be called such, does not rise to his necessities as he probably thought it would.

Atheism does not really exist, cannot really exist, as a full conviction in any human breast, and Ingersoll's doubt expressed by the word "If," shows that it does not exist as a full and positive conviction in his breast. In the very centre of the heart of Atheism there is an underlying distrust and self deception. Mr. Ingersoll labors to crush out this universal consciousness when he argues against a personal God. When he does so he leaves himself to the only alternative of choosing between Materialism and Pantheism. Materialism knows no God ; it knows only eternity of matter, and life, and thought, and will, evolved by the molecular forces, the atoms that work in the bioplasm, and form the bones and sinews, the nerves, arteries, and veins. According to this, Ingersoll's bodily life comes out of vegetable life, his mind, thought, consciousness and will, are only products of the brain's development. His Savior is himself, his own intelligence. Take him as he is, and he is just "what he eats"—"made of wind and ashes",—"a mosaic figure made by the atoms". When he looks in a glass he sees only a bundle of atoms, made into a "fat, jolly-looking" animal, a mere machine that talks and laughs, and talks to make laughter ; he sees just what the molecules did for him ; they made him a jester and a wag. Molecular Force—this is the God of Materialism. If Ingersoll is a Materialist, and his creed and plan of self-salvation make him nothing better—this is the god of the valley that has hid himself in that creed and in that plan. If it is not this god of inherent, molecular, evolving force, then it is the god of Pantheism. According to Pantheism every thing is God—all nature is God ; but Ingersoll is a part of nature, and therefore Ingersoll is God. Ingersoll, then, is the first person in the trinity of Ingersollism. His mutilated, fragmentary, sentimental, ideal Christ is the second. For this Christ he has "infinite respect." He is the son of his father Ingersoll, the off-spring of Ingersoll's self-love, the mere humanitarian, sentimental Christ. When he presented this Christ in the Opera House he was greatly applauded. If any of those applauders are now present, I would ask them to consider the question, What prompted that applause ? Did they recognize that Christ as the true Christ of the Gospels and of Christendom ? Were there not present some who did not applaud, and yet admired the beauty of that sentiment ? Why did they let the glib-tongued orator take them in such a trap—a trap that was mere clap-trap ? Some of them were deceived and came away saying, Why Ingersoll is not

so bad after all, for he believes in Christ. Was it not beautiful and grand when he said, "For the man Christ I have infinite respect ;" "To that great and serene man I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears?" Yes, you say "this was grand and beautiful." But what did you think of his description of this Christ? "He was a reformer in his day. He was an infidel in his time. He was regarded as a blasphemer, and his life was destroyed by hypocrites." * * * "Had I lived in that time I would have been his friend. And should he come again he will not find a better friend than I will be. That is for the man. For the theological creation I have a different feeling." Here is the Ingersollian Christ, not merely a man, a serene and great man, but an infidel! He was not the Christ of history, not the Christ of theology and the creeds, not the Christ of John's Gospel, nor of any Gospel of the New Testament, but of that mutilated, fragmentary Gospel that Ingersoll quotes and accepts, not the Christ of the whole New Testament, that was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, that wrought miracles, that made an atonement for sin, that rose from the dead and ascended into heaven: It was the Christ of Mr. Ingersoll's gospel of the flesh, that gospel that knows no God and Father, no justification by faith, no peace that passeth understanding, no faith that conquers the world, that triumphs over death and gains eternal life. The Christ of the New Testament, except small a piece of him, is the object of Ingersoll's detestation. Of the true Christ he would say as the infidels of Pilate's day said, "Away with him, crucify him! crucify him! it is not fit that such a fellow should live." Had Ingersoll lived in that day he would not have been the friend of that Christ, any more than Pilate or Caiaphas was his friend, for that Christ has no concord with Belial; he that believeth in that Christ hath no part with an infidel. When that Christ comes again to earth, Mr. Ingersoll will not be His friend, unless he repents, is born again and made a new creature in Christ.

Mr. Ingersoll's Christ was an infidel. Mr. Ingersoll says he was, and of course he must have been just such an infidel as himself, believing in no God, having no Almighty Father, doing no miracles, but a mere natural, sentimental man, dealing in a clap-trap that has no meaning. Do you not see that Ingersoll's Christ is Ingersoll's own shadow, and can you wonder that he worships it and has "infinite respect" for it? How the words "infinite respect" jingled, and how they were applauded, and how grateful Mr. Ingersoll ought to be for applause that was won so cheaply!

Mr. Ingersoll forgot that Christ was condemned by an "infidel." Caiaphas, before whom he was arraigned and who pronounced sentence upon him, was a Sadducee, and all the Sadducees were infidels, believing in no "Hereafter," no resurrection from the dead, no spiritual existence. Ingersoll is, therefore, less like even his imaginary Christ than he is like the infidel "hypocrite" who condemned him to death. All hypocrites, then are, not among the Christians. Ingersoll's Christ was killed for blasphemy. What was the blasphemy? He does not tell us. He read from the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, and seemed to accept them. A friend and apologist of his, in this city, says, he does accept them. Why did he not read in Matthew where Jesus acknowledged himself to be the King of the Jews, and in Mark where he confessed himself to be the "Christ, the Son of the Blessed," and in Luke where he openly acknowledged to the High Priest that he was the Son of God? This was the blasphemy for which he was put to death: Because he said he was the Son of God. That, according to the Jewish law, was blasphemy, if Jesus was no more than a man, and the law required that the blasphemer should be put to death. If then, as Ingersoll asserts, Jesus Christ was no more than a man, he was justly put to death, according to the law, for arrogating Divine titles to himself. This man, then, whom Ingersoll says was only a man, and was killed for blasphemy, because he said he was the Son of God, was a blasphemer, an imposter and false prophet, claiming to work miracles which he did not work, and pretending to rise from the dead when there was, according to Ingersollism, no resurrection from the dead. And yet the Jewish rulers were hypocrites for putting to death an imposter, a blasphemer, an infidel. Ingersoll would have been the friend of that imposter, and if he ever comes back to earth he will find no better friend than the fat, jolly, laughing jester, Robert G. Ingersoll. You see, then, that Ingersoll, the funny man, is divided against himself, both as regards the first and also the second person of his trinity. In respect to his first, we see he is divided by his *If*, "if there be a God"—between the true, immortal God of the hilltop and the sunshine, and the beastly, sensual god of the valley and shadow of death, the molecular god of the atomic forces. In regard to his second, he is divided between the Christ of a mere human sentimentality, who was a blasphemer, an imposter, and an infidel, and the true human and Divine Christ of the whole

New Testament. The whole New Testament Ingersoll does not accept, but chops it up, as he does its Christ, accepting such fragments as suit him, rejecting those that suit him not. It is thus that he makes Ingersollism inconsistent with itself, a cluster of glittering generalities, an aggregation of illogical absurdities, a huge mass of impious self-assertion. This is the Christ that demands the tribute of Ingersoll's tears! For what? Because of the blasphemy? No; because of the infidelity? No; of the imposture? "No; but because of the "Sermon on the Mount." He has no right to the Sermon on the Mount unless he takes the whole of the Gospel that contains it. He has no right to that part that promises forgiveness to those who forgive, and mercy to the merciful, unless he takes the whole of the Gospel: He has no right to the part where Christ blessed the children, and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," unless he takes all the rest of Matthew—yea, and of Mark, too, and Luke and John. Matthew makes him Divine, and calls him the Christ, and details his miracles. In Matthew he is called "the Christ, the Son of the living God," and that in only two chapters back of one of the passages quoted and endorsed by Ingersoll. Peter confessed and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus replied, "Blessed art thou Simon Bar-Jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee. Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The three Gospels quoted, and in part accepted by Ingersoll, all declare the life and teaching, the death and resurrection of our Lord.

Now Mr. Ingersoll is a prophet of naturalism, and does not believe in the supernatural. He does not believe in a Divine, atoning, risen and saving Christ. This he tells us. He declares that he believes in no Saviour but Intelligence.

His religion is mere natural religion, grounding itself in nature, in reason, in his ability to save himself. It could not be otherwise, believing in no personal, spiritual, immortal God, the Maker of the universe, and the Judge of all men. Christianity, on the contrary, is founded in the will of a creating, intelligent, allwise and powerful God. The Christian religion, like its Author, is spiritual, and consists in a moral change and resemblance to God, a change implied in the very language quoted by Mr. Ingersoll. He says,

and strange to say, for once with seeming reverence, that he is guided by reason's "holy torch." I do not call Mr. Ingersoll a "fool." I know he is not a fool. He is a man of Reason, and now I appeal to that Reason. He says he is a man that loves Justice and Truth, and I appeal to that Justice and Truth. In the name of Reason, in the name of Justice, in the name of Truth, in the name of all the laws of criticism and honest construction, in the name of historic fidelity, I would ask Mr. Ingersoll why he cuts up the Gospels, accepting this or that fact, or doctrine, or statement, and rejecting all the rest? I demand that he shall give a reason; a reason that can bear the rigid test of all rules of logical criticism, why he makes up from the three first Gospels his sentimental, humanitarian Christ, while he spits upon, detests, denounces and insults the Divine, miraculously-born and saving Christ, the agonizing, crucified, risen and ascended Christ of the same three Gospels from which he quotes, and which he says he accepts so far as he quotes? I demand this of the man who follows in the light of "reason's holy torch." Every candid man that heard him ought, in behalf of his own reason, to demand an answer to these questions, an answer that will not be consumed in the blaze of that "holy torch." O, my hearers, do you read for yourselves? Have you read the New Testament—especially the three Gospels quoted from by Mr. Ingersoll? I entreat you to read them, and see his mistakes and his misstatements. You will not do justice to your own souls if you accept his illogical conclusions, his naked, unproved assertions, without reading for yourselves..

Let me give you one instance that will offset more than three-fourths of his lecture, and utterly destroy the value of all the rest. He says broadly, positively, that not one word is said by Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, about faith, or believing, with but one exception, and that in Mark 16; 16. Now go and look for yourselves, and in those three Gospels you will find more than thirty places where the words "belief," "believed," "believing" or "faith," are used. He asserts that the words, "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned"—(Mark 16: 16., are interpolated. He declared that he would prove it. What proof did he produce? Why, simply his assertion that there was not one word about believing in Matthew, nor in Luke, nor elsewhere in Mark! Read those three Gospels for yourselves, my

hearers, and learn how little truth there is in the assertions of Robert Ingersoll.

But, alas, for the consistency of Ingersollism ! Mr. Ingersoll, though he quotes from the three Synoptical Gospels, and accepts his quotations as true, turns upon the whole New Testament and treats it as doubtful, if not spurious, saying that nobody knows who wrote it, that it bears no signature, that we don't know that it is the right Gospel, or whether there is a better one to come ; and he goes so far as to say that he does not know whether he believes the Testament or not until he sees the new translation. Thus he throws away all the Gospel he had quoted, all that had won his admiration, all that had moved him to tears. Is he not like a child that has built a playhouse, and then in a whimsical mood torn it in pieces ? But see, O Ingersoll, what thou hast done—thou has killed thy Christ in that one mad, whimsical freak. A moment ago thou believedst in a part of the New Testament. In it thou sawest a man that was great, serene and good, and thou payedst to him the tribute of thy admiration. Thou sawest this great, and good and serene one, who was himself but a blasphemer and an infidel, and yet a reformer, fall into the hands of wicked hypocrites, who took him and killed him. Thou didst swear to him eternal friendship, and he called forth thy tears. O, Ingersoll, why do you weep ? You have kicked the New Testament out of your path, as you boast, elsewhere of “kicking Hell” out of your way, and in doing so, you have “kicked” to death your own Christ. Now you have no historic Christ. You have not a fragment of even that fragmentary Christ left to enable you to awaken false sentiment and stupid admiration.

You have killed him. Talk no more about the “hypocrites” killing Christ ; for both your Christ and your hypocrites you have “kicked” into nonentity. If there is another Gospel, you may not find your Christ in it. Why then do you weep ? Stand up, Ingersoll, and give a reason for your tears. Stand up before the glass, and see those shining globules of liquid atoms, flowing out of your lachrymal glands, bedewing those fat cheeks which the atoms have formed into such a jovial mosaic figure. In the name of the Reason and Justice that you worship, give a reason for your tears. I am ready to give a reason for the hope that is in me, and will do so ; it is in the Gospel of the New Testament, the Gospel of the Son of God, the God of the shining hill-top. Do you not see, and will you not acknowledge, O Ingersoll, that He is stronger than your flesh-

born-gods of the valley? Then give a reason for your tears. Ah, my dear hearers, do you not understand all this sentimental gush? Do you not see that these fine phrases "the infinite respect," the "great and serene man"—the "tribute of admiration" and the "friendship" and the "tears" were all put in for the sake of the sound? Did they not jingle a fine chorus to the jingle of the coin that filled the witty orator's pockets! Don't you see that there is a third person in Ingersoll's trinity? It is the Unholy Spirit of Cupidity. Ingersoll the Pantheistic God and Savior, the sentimental Christ, his son, and the Shining Bland—this is the triad of Ingersollism. This is the triune god in the gospel of the flesh. And they have their unity in the fat and funny orator whose name is Ingersoll.

Now let us analyze the Ingersolian plan of Salvation. I did not hear his speech in the Opera House; I never saw the man, but read the announcement in the papers that he proposed to show what men must do to be saved. A lecture on such a subject, from a man of his reputation as a wit, an orator and an infidel, suggested to my mind some oratorical trick, something in the order of burlesque, and I was therefore prepared to anticipate what I read in the printed report of the lecture, that the question was treated in a satirical way. So it was when any allusion was made by the speaker to the Gospel plan of salvation. But when the lecturer formulated his own creed,—I saw that he meant to answer his question in all seriousness—or with as much seriousness as could be reasonably expected from a professional jester. It was in perfect conformity to the gospel of the flesh. It knows no sin, because it knows no God to sin against—no God but the blind force of Materialism, which is the most veritable fatalism, or the God of Pantheism which is Ingersoll himself. Neither has any respect for virtue, or for vice, or human volition, and neither has any knowledge of salvation from sin. There is nothing from which to be saved but poverty, and sickness, and ill-temper, and melancholy, and tyranny, and ignorance; for Ingersoll knows no Gospel but that of cheerfulness, and good health, and good nature, and liberty, and intelligence, with plenty of money. But look, if you please, and see how many are reprobated by this gospel of the flesh. See how many poor people there are in the world who never can be saved from poverty; see how many weak and sickly people there are who can never be blest with good health while they linger in pain upon the shores of time; think how many vicious, ill-tempered people there are who

never can be made good-natured, with all the intelligence that they may attain ; think of the number of morose, melancholy, careworn, unhappy people, who can never, by Ingersollian philosophy, be made cheerful ; behold the multitudinous millions that are bound in the chains of degrading vice, and in the fetters of dark superstition, that no Ingersollian prophet can ever liberate. Contemplate the night of ignorance that envelops three-fourths of the human race who can never be saved from their ignorance. What help does Ingersollian salvation offer them ? None ; they are doomed, all reprobated, lost, according to this gospel of the flesh. I tell you that the Ingersollian decree reprobates more than the Calvinian creed, and it is a thousand fold worse. Yet Ingersoll calls Calvin a murderer ! As to the Calvinistic creed of eternal reprobation, election and absolute fore-ordination, I do not believe it any more than does Ingersoll. But I would not call Calvin a murderer because of what happened to Servetus at Geneva, any sooner than I would call Ingersoll a murderer for killing his own Christ in the Opera House. In speaking of the different denominations, Mr. Ingersoll was quite witty, quite flippant and exceedingly abusive. He denounced Roman Catholics in round terms ; but I shall not be their apologist. He hates Presbyterians, and pronounces them "the worst of all." This gave him the opportunity to lampoon John Calvin, John Knox and Jonathan Edwards. He complains of John Wesley for believing in a personal devil, and in another lecture¹ he declares that all who believe that doctrine are either barbarians or hypocrites. He is not satisfied with the Methodists because they do not convert 40,000,000 people in a year. He likes the Episcopalians better than all except the Quakers, because they have less religion, he thinks, than any of the others, and thanks them because they "do not hate music," nor "despise painting," "abhor architecture," nor "think it worse to keep time with their feet than with their hands," and because they "could play cards."

Thus his voluble tongue goes on with its jingle of words, all to strike at "orthodoxy," at those who "replenish the fires of hell," at all who "malign the human race, and kneel to a God who accepted the agony of the innocent as an atonement for the guilty." This last idea, like a great many others, he borrowed from Tom Paine, without giving him any credit. It is a leading thought in the "Age of Reason." Now I know that Calvin was intolerant,

¹ Lecture on Skulls.

and so was Luther, and so was Knox, and so were the Puritans of Boston, and so are many in our times, and so is Ingersoll, as I will prove before I get through with him. His boasted freedom is freedom from the restraint of law ; his love of liberty is libertinism. True liberty keeps the law, because it is the law that keeps it. But libertinism hates law ; it wants to do as it pleases. This is the liberty that Ingersoll preaches. It contains the germ of disaster to our whole country. Let all men beware of it. I tell you that Infidelity has been intolerant wherever it had the chance to be so. Was it not so in France in 1793 ? I tell you that Ingersoll himself is intolerant. He does not want you to think unless you think as he does, and if you differ from him you are either a "barbarian" or a "hypocrite." His fat jaws are stuffed with three words ; "hypocrite," "barbarian," "superstition," and they gush forth continually, on almost all occasions. The following incident, which I clipped the other day from one of our city papers, shows the kind of toleration R. G. Ingersoll wants :

"WHAT MUST WE DO, ETC. ?

"On Tuesday evening there was a clashing in the lobby of the Opera House between H. W. Morrow, publisher of the Programme, and Mr. Chas. Davis, Col. Ingersoll's agent. Mr. Morrow had previously obtained permission of the agent to distribute his sheet in the Opera House on that occasion, but did not state what its nature would be, consequently when the paper arrived Mr. Davis saw that it contained a different view from that held by Col. Ingersoll on 'What must we do to be saved,' and demurred to their being circulated, and in Mr. Morrow's temporary absence spirited them away. Mr. Morrow, went thereupon, on a still hunt and fishing them out of a waste basket in the ticket office, delivered them, by the aid of two boys, to the audience as it came out, thus solving the problem : "What shall I do to save my papers."

The paper thus "spirited away" by Ingersoll's agent contained brief answers to the question on which he lectured, from Rev. Drs. Nixon, Keigwin and others of this city.

It was not the toleration, but the infidelity of Voltaire, that caused the French Revolution and the reign of Terror ; it was not the love of liberty shown by Rousseau in his *Contrat Social*, but his infidelity that raised Sansculottism and Jacobinism, and caused France to dance her wild jig of frenzy at the very gates of Hades ; it was not the infidelity, but the patriotic writings of

Thomas Paine, that encouraged our Revolutionary forefathers to cast off the chains of political oppression. It is not the wit and fun of the fat and jolly Ingersoll,—the Falstaff of our times—but his infidelity, that is sowing the seeds of libertinism and dissoluteness in thousands of American homes to-day, and working up an incendiary element in society, all to support this triad in the gospel of the flesh.

Now let us look at the Ingersollian Savior. It is Intelligence. "Intelligence must be the Savior of the world." Well, this is self-salvation if salvation it is. But does Intelligence really save? Yes, it saves Ingersoll—from poverty—for he knows how to make it pay. But it did not save Tom Paine nor Rousseau, nor a score or more of other infidels whom I could name. It did not save the "Sea Green" Robespierre, nor the cool, brave, audacious Danton from that bloody engine, the Guillotine. It did not save Marat, who once perched himself upon the top of that "Mountain" on the "Left" in the French Convention, from the dagger of Charlotte Corday. It did not save the Duke D'Orleans, surnamed "*Egalite*," and Madam Roland, and many thousands more, from the fate of Robespierre and Danton. This is what their atheism brought them to—the atheism of that Voltaire who Mr. Ingersoll tells, us, "abolished torture,"—that Voltaire who he tells us "filled Europe with light." Mr. Ingersoll ought not to point his jests against his friends. That is an ungrateful satire on Voltaire to say he "abolished torture," if we remember the sharp edged tool of Dr. Guillotine. Perhaps it was in revenge because Voltaire called that "serene, great man" of the mutilated Gospel a "wretch."

The intelligence of the French infidels did not save them. The intelligence of Voltaire and Jean Jacques Rousseau's "gospel of liberty" destroyed them.

Does Intelligence save? I am not against intelligence. I believe in it too. I believe in reason, I believe in culture, I believe in all the articles of Mr. Ingersoll's faith but one, and will show at the right time that the Gospel inculcates them. But I do not believe that Intelligence is a Savior, or that it saves even Ingersoll.

It has not saved him from wilfully abusing, misrepresenting and vilifying Christians; it has not saved him from falsifying history; it has not saved him from the narrow bigotry he exhibited at the Opera House in refusing to let the people have views op-

posed to his own ; it has not saved him from blasphemy, ribaldry, cupidity and the vanity of supposing that he is himself the light of the world ; it has not saved him from a libertinism that he satirically calls liberty. His Savior is, therefore, impotent. He is only a good-natured, laughing god ; a mere Satyr, like those merry divinities that filled the Court of Bacchus, having the heads and bodies of men, but with non-descript ears ; a frolicsome noisy set, whom Hesiod, the Greek poet, describes as "good for nothing, worthless fellows," and just like the Belial of the Old Testament, "profligate and useless." Such is Ingersoll's Savior, at whose shrine all the Satyrs of the plain bow and worship. Behold this laughing, Fallstaffian god, skulking amid the sylvan shadows, hurling sarcastic taunts at the God of the hill-top, defying Him and all that He has threatened against impiety and impotence, and bantering Him to come down and fight on the plain. Well, Ingersoll, He has come. He came before you arrived in the city. This you learned to your cost by the loss of several hundred dollars. You had less than six hundred of the two thousand you expected to join in the laugh at your frolicsome antics. He came before you did, and is still coming, and will keep coming, and if His servants in every city would treat you as they did in Wilmington, your shadow would be driven from the plain to hide in the dens and caves of the mountains. I understand Mr. Ingersoll very well when he says that Intelligence is the Savior of the world. I don't mean to misrepresent him. I have not thus far misrepresented him. If I have not literally interpreted him, I have given the true logical sequences of his god, his Christ, his trinity, his plan of salvation ; of his stump oratory and venality. Now I know he means that Intelligence must save the world from superstition, as well as the other things implied in his creed. But he makes Christianity superstition.

Well, have believers in Christ no intelligence ? Was there none among the Apostolic and early fathers ? Were Justin Martyr, and Clement, and Chrysostom and Augustine destitute of intelligence ? Did Luther and Melancthon and Erasmus and other reformers have no intelligence ? Had Atturbury and Tillotson, Baxter and John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards and Chalmers no intelligence ? Will Mr. Ingersoll go among the great poets of Christendom and find no intelligence—none in Milton, nor Shakespeare nor Browning ? Will he go among the Christian lawyers—a class whom as a

lawyer, he ought to revere—and find no intelligence? Was the great Tribonian, the compiler of the Pandects and the Code and the Institutes and the Novels, a mere pretender to learning? Were Bacon and Coke and Lyttelton and Sir Matthew Hale and Sir William Blackstone all ignorant men? Go among the Philosophers and Scientists, and what would he say of Copernicus, and Galileo and Kepler and Newton, and Faraday and Benjamin Franklin? Go among the statesmen and patriots of Christendom—Were Hampden, and Pym, and Cromwell and Washington fools? Is Joseph Cook an intelligent man? and McCosh, and Storrs, and Bishop Simpson? Are General Grant and General Garfield intelligent men? O, Robert, Robert, why did you advocate that cub of the tigress superstition for President? Is that grand woman of the White House, whose example will be a Pharos for a hundred quadrennial terms, a woman of intelligence? On the other hand let me ask. Has intelligence saved Judge Edmonds and a score of other men whom I could name, who are learned in the law, and in literature,—has it saved them from the superstition of spiritism and necromancy? Ah, my hearers, just think of the jingle of these words—Superstition—Intelligence—Salvation! Do you not see that they were put in merely to jingle? People went to hear him jingle, he had to jingle in order to please them; and thus he jingled. As merry a Satyr as ever made sport in the Court of Bacchus is this same fat and greasy Robert. There is no more connection between premise and conclusion in his use of these terms, than there is between the humanitarian Christ whom he destroyed, and the real Christ of history whom he says the “hypocrites” destroyed. You could put the whole forest where the Satyrs danced between them.

Now I do not intend that this jocular priest of infidelity shall rob me of my Christ and my Gospel by merely making a racket about my ears. I don’t intend, if I can help it, that he shall rob you of your hope and trust in that Christ and that Gospel by making a noise. This evening I intend, by the help of God, to bring him out of the bushes, out of that dark valley of Materialism and Pantheism, and make him face my God of the hill-top. Are any of you in doubt? Has he shaken your confidence or hope by his cruel jests at the expense of all that is sacred and true in religion? Then come, I entreat you, and hear me this evening. I am only half through with Ingersollism. I find him so big and so fat that I cannot devour him at a single meal. I must sup on him to-night. Come and join me in the feast.

You will excuse this figure, as I have good reason for using it just in this connection. Mr. Ingersoll, in his panegyric on Thomas Paine, told his audience that he had just read in the poem called "The Light of Asia," about the Boodh, who, seeing a famishing tigress with her two hungry cubs, took pity on them, and offered them his own flesh for food. They gladly accepted the offer, and greedily devoured him. He represented his hero, Thomas Paine, as that Boodh, standing in front of the tigress Superstition—meaning the Christian Church; and the great orator would doubtless covet a similar fate and willingly offer himself as "meat" for the "cubs" of the "tigress" who, it seems, is as voracious as ever. If it will be any consolation to this modern Boodh, this priest of a new atheistical paganism, to know it, I can tell him that some ministerial "cubs" in different parts of the country have been lunching on him; and I have concluded to take my share while I can get it, for I think, ere long, there will not be much of him left but the dry bones. There are many thousands of "hungry cubs" in America, and doubtless many of them will want a mouthful. Fat as he is, he cannot supply so many; so let us come together and have another meal while we can get it.

CHRISTIANITY.

Stand up, Ingersoll, and face my God of the hill-top. There He sits, enthroned in majesty, robed in garments of light. Before I introduce you to Him, and compare your impotent plan of self-salvation with His, let us turn aside for a moment, and have a little talk between ourselves. And now, Robert, that we are together for a little friendly interview, let us have some plain talk about that boasted reason of yours. I said some plain things to-day, and I shall say some plainer things to-night. But they were for your shadow, not for you. Personally, I like you very well, and much of your good humor I can enjoy. Besides those who know you best are said to speak well of your personal character. But even if they were to speak otherwise of you, I would not mention it; for your personal habits are not the topics of my discourse. I speak only about your shadow.

A shadow grows shorter as the sun goes up toward the Zenith, and longer as he goes down toward the Night. A shadow grows longer or shorter, but never wider or narrower. This is a broad earth, Robert, and there is but a small part of it that can ever be darkened by your shadow, only it poisons other growths, and makes them, in their turn, cast baneful shadows on the ground. Hence, I would save you, but destroy your shadow. The only way that you can get rid of your shadow is to get under the vertical rays of the sun. Come with me to the top of the hill, for I mean to ascend it to-night. Let me show you my King in His beauty. Put yourself under the shadow of His wings, and He will pour upon you such light that you will part with your shadow forever. But, first, let us step aside into this grave-yard, where you once spoke an oration. It was a poem—an elegy. It would be hard to find a more beautiful effusion in the English language. The scene was a solemn one, and I approach it with reverence. You stood there at the grave of your own mother's son, and spoke words—the tribute of your fraternal love—which will live long in the memory of men. They came from a tenderness of soul, a naturalness of sorrow that makes the whole world akin. Your shadow was shorter than Robert, and had you gone a step or two farther, you might have

parted with it forever. You had but to look steadily at that star of hope until it should grow into a sun. You had but to have aided your natural reason with the telescope of faith, and your own and every shadow of unbelief would have fled away, before the brightening beams of that star of hope. What did your reason do for you Robert, in that moment of supreme sorrow? One wave of unbelief came along and extinguished that star forever. All was darkness, and reason was helpless. At that grave you found yourself close up to an impenetrable wall.

Your reason "dashed" against that "unseen rock." That "torch" went out where you fancied a "dreamless sleep" began. There, "between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities," you stood weeping, while reason lay powerless, and no message from the darkness beyond "came back from the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead"—not a word. Yet with that puny and impotent reason of yours you had endeavored to solve the mysteries of life and destiny, of time and eternity. You have been baffled—all is darkness beyond that wall where no phenomena appear to natural reason. On this side the wall it has a noble, an ever-expanding sphere. It deals with phenomena—only with phenomena. But there are no types, no emblems, no symbols, that you study in the shadows of unbelief, that can give you the vaguest idea of what lies beyond the wall. It is only when a deep consciousness, which your reason cannot explain, is stirred up, that you see the light of a star beyond the wall and hear the rustle of an angel's wing. Was that superstition Robert? It was not irony, it was not sarcasm, it was not wit, for you were sad and weeping then. You were notocular, and would not trifle with the solemnity of the grave, and the sleeping dust of your dead brother. It was the better and the brighter side of your little "If," Robert. It was the voice of your inner consciousness that told you a star was shining and a wing was rustling.

Again you glanced toward the valley of the shadow of death, and it went out. Your reason could do nothing on the other side of the wall. It is a region which faith in God only can illumine—even that faith which you spurn, which you reprobate, which you condemn as the essence of superstition. On this side the wall only can your reason act.

Reason has not saved you, Robert. Intelligence is good, but it does not save in any sense that makes you secure beyond the

wall that separates time from eternity. You cannot find a single soul that it ever saved in this sense. Those who stand with the King on the shining Mount, know that they are saved by faith and not by intelligence. Intelligence cannot save, but often destroys. Intelligence makes the tools of the burglar; intelligence makes machinery for counterfeiting, and this is done in more senses than one. Hypocrisy is made by intelligence, it is not made by living faith. Intelligence takes the precious fruits of the earth, the golden corn of the harvest, the rich clusters of the vintage, the mellow fruits of autumn, casts them into an alembic—the worm-still and retort—and brings forth a fiery demon that has filled the world with sorrow and anguish. And you will not go with me up to the top of Zion's hill, that I may show you the King of that goodly clime in his robes of shining brightness? You will go back into the shades of the valley? Then farewell, Robert; God bless you. God save you; but may He destroy your shadow forever. God dance your mad waltz, and crack your merry jokes with the satyr of the plain, till you, also, dash against the Rock, a wreck at last.

I can do nothing with thee, Robert, that will do thee any good—so farewell—a long farewell. But these whom your shadow would poison and rob of their hope of eternal life, I may benefit a little. Come then, my hearers, since our jovial friend will not go up and see our King and be His friend, let us go up to the top of the hill, and pay our homage to night. Look now and behold the King in his majesty.

"Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

My hearers, this is prophecy, and prophecy is one branch of the external evidence. This branch of the evidence in support of our holy religion is very broad and full, and many books have been written on it, showing the fulfillment of Old Testament prophecies and that so clearly that infidelity can only mock, and jeer, and cry out "superstition", but cannot answer. I have time to deal only with this one prophecy to night, and that but very briefly. How do we know it is prophecy? Because it has been fulfilled; because it is not an interpolation, put in by some one to falsify the ancient

cord and deceive after the events were fulfilled. I defy Robert Ingersoll or any other infidel to produce one particle of proof that this is an interpolation. It is a prophecy, written more than a thousand years before the advent of our Savior. It was a part of the Old Testament when all the books of that canon were translated from Hebrew into Greek. God in his providence provided beforehand to stop the mouth of infidelity by causing the Old Testament to be translated from the Hebrew, which was then a dead language, into Greek while yet it was spoken by many nations. This translation was made by the authority and at the expense of a heathen King of Egypt, Ptolemy Philadelphus by name. That was 280 years before the advent of Christ. The translation that was then made was the one which Jesus and his disciples used for the most part when they read the Scriptures in the Synagogues, and when they made quotations. That same version of the Old Testament is in the libraries of several of the ministers of this city. It is in mine. You see now how easy it is to correct one of Mr. Ingersoll's glaring mistakes. He says that the disciples of Jesus understood and spoke Hebrew, but did not know Greek. Whereas, it was just the opposite—they knew Greek, but could not speak Hebrew.* The Hebrew language has been a dead language ever since the captivity; but the Greek, by reason of the conquests of Alexander the Great, became the spoken language of Egypt, Palestine, Syria and many other provinces of the Roman Empire. Cicero, in one of his Orations, says that all the world—meaning all the Roman world—read Greek, but that Latin was confined to its own narrow bounds—that is Italy. The New Testament was written in Hellenistic Greek, and that was the language in which Christ and his apostles spoke. You see then that for more than five hundred years before Christ the Hebrew was a dead language—none of the Old Testament, after the Captivity, was written in it. For nearly 300 years before our Lord, the ancient Scriptures, containing prophecies of what should happen to Egypt, to Assyria, to Babylon, to Tyre, to Jerusalem and to the Jews and the Romans, which were all fulfilled after they were written, were read both by Jews and many Gentiles in the Greek language. Thus they have come down to us uncorrupted for

* In Acts XXf, 40, Paul, it is said, "spoke to them in the Hebrew tongue." This was not the ancient Hebrew, in which all of the Old Testament prior to the captivity was written, but the *Chaldeo-Syriac*. The words *Hebraïoi dialekto* literally mean in the *Hebrew dialect*. This dialect was commonly spoken throughout Syria including Palestine in Paul's day. The *Codex Bezae* renders the words *te idia dialekto* "in their own dialect."

more than 2000 years. Now if any man says they were corrupted before they were translated, just let him prove it. But if he could prove it in regard to some particular passages, he would utterly fail in the attempt to prove the prediction, which we have quoted about the enthronement of our King in Zion, to be an interpolation or forgery, for that passage remains just as it was 2,000 years ago. Infidelity cannot rob us of that grand and glorious prophecy which puts the King before our eyes. There He is enthroned on Zion's hill. We see him in his regal investiture—his legitimate birth—the Son of God, conquering because he has power to conquer. The latter part of the passage which declares that he will rule the nations with a rod of iron, and break them in pieces, refers to the kings, and rulers of the nations which had taken counsel together against the Lord and His Anointed, who said, "Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us."

He has been conquering the nations ever since the [prophecy] was written. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Tyre, Jerusalem, all fell as predicted by the ancient prophets. The enemies whom He shall break in pieces and shatter to atoms like a potter's vessel, are all who impiously oppose His will, His truth, and the spread of His kingdom. This is what every form of infidelity has always done. It is what Ingersollism is now doing. It is the aggregation, the sum, the embodiment of all the worst forms of infidelity that ever appeared on this earth; surpassing all others in blasphemy; in audacity; in bold self-assertion; in impious sarcasm; in reckless statement; in unscrupulous perversions of truth; in a pernicious, poisonous influence, that maddens, bewilders and demoralizes great masses of men; in a libertinism that gives the rein to every unhallowed lust. It is a moral phenomenon of the 19th century, a laughing, lascivious, Bacchanalian god erecting its throne of licentiousness in the valley, and taunting Jehovah on his throne, asking Him to vacate it, to "step down and out" that it may take His place.

But mark you, there is something else said in this psalm—prophecy. The laughing, impudent god of libertinism and sensuality is condemned and doomed. Its laughing time will soon be over. Ingersoll did not laugh nor crack jokes at the burial of his brother. He was too near then to that unseen rock where wrecks are made; too near to that wall from beyond which comes no voice of the speechless dead; too near to those shadowy re-

gions where the faint light of a star was seen and the rustling wing was heard. Neither Voltaire, nor Paine, nor Hobbes nor any other infidel ever laughed when he came to die. Then will be the time for another to laugh. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have have them in derision." Yes, in another place it is said, "I will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh." Let those who laughed and applauded in the Opera House when Ingersoll cracked his jokes, and sported with the attributes of the Infinite One, and spewed over the holy oracles of His truth, remember this. Yes, I say, let them remember this now ; for they will not be apt to forget it when they come to die.

Now I have called your attention to the prophecy that was locked up in a dead language 500 years before Christ came, and for near three hundred years had been in a language that was spoken in many nations.

Infidelity has but one answer to make to it—"David was the King mentioned in the Psalm, he was the 'Lord's Anointed' spoken of in it." I answer that David was not that King, because in the first place, he wrote it himself—wrote it under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, as he wrote the parallel passage in the 110th Psalm, where he says "The Lord said unto my Lord Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion ; rule thou in the midst of thy enemies." In both Psalms you see the King in Zion, you read his name, Jehovah, translated LORD—you see his rod breaking the nations ; you see him ruling in the midst of his enemies. The terms could never apply to David. Secondly, all the ancient Jewish doctors who studied and commented on the Scriptures refer the Psalm to Messiah. A Messiah was promised in the Old Testament. The name is in Hebrew, and means the same as the Greek word Christ—namely, the Anointed one—Here he is the Lord's Anointed. It was not until long after Christ came, that the Jews construed the Psalm as relating to David, and they did so because, as they confessed, if they admitted it as referring to Messiah, it would prove the truth of Christianity. This is the reason why the infidels say the King was David. Just admit that the second Psalm relates to Messiah, and it sweeps Ingersollism, Judaism, and every other form of infidelity into the sea. There is no consistency in any construction that denies its reference to Messiah.

This Psalm was a Gospel in prophecy, as was that famous passage in Isaiah 61 ; 1-3. Dr. Alexander says it was "A sublime vision of the nations in revolt against Jehovah and His Anointed, with a declaration of the Divine purpose to maintain His King's authority, and a warning to the world that it must bow to Him or perish."

This is the first of those prophetic Psalms, in which the promise made to David, with respect to the Messiah (2 Sam. 7 : 16 : 1 Chrn. 17 : 11-14.) is wrought into the lyrical devotions of the ancient Church. Lastly, we know that it refers to Messiah, because it, as also the parallel passage in Psalm 110, is so applied in the New Testament, and claimed by Jesus to refer to Himself.¹

Here, then is a prophecy ;—a prophecy relating to Messiah, the Anointed, the Son of God, announced a thousand years before Christ made his appearance on earth. It furnishes a legitimate sphere for the reason of Robert Ingersoll, and all of his sort. Beyond the impenetrable wall it cannot peer—it cannot act. On this side it can act, and now let him reason about this great prophecy. Let him look narrowly into history, which he says consists mainly in a "detail of things that never happened." He ought to speak more reverently of his friends, Hume and Gibbon ; but nevertheless, let reason do its best to solve this question. How did it happen that this prediction can be traced with certainty back for 500 years before Christ ? There it was, locked up in the Hebrew lyric ; when it ceased to be a spoken language. There it was when the 2nd Psalm was translated into Greek about B. C. 280. Let Ingersoll's reason now perform its duty. Let it exercise itself in linguistic and historic criticism ; in logical analysis and legitimate construction. Let it answer the question, why this Psalm, preserved among the public archives of a nation, preserved in a language that had gone out of use, transferred to another language that continued to be spoken by many nations until the time of the fulfillment, was never changed, corrupted or interpolated until Jesus and his disciples referred to it ?

The prophecy relates to Messiah—it is utterly false, though written so long ago, and preserved so wonderfully, unless it refers to Messiah, for it was never fulfilled by any other King that ever lived on this earth. Let us just glance around us among the great monarchies that history has stationed in our view. There was

1. Compare Matt. 16 : 16 ; Matt. 22 : 43, 44. Acts 2 : 34.

Cyrus the Mede. He founded a great empire, but it never reached the magnitude of this one. Then there was Alexander the Great. It is said that he conquered the world and wept because there was no another to conquer, and was then conquered himself by one night's debauch. But he did not conquer even one world, for he could not subdue the wild Arabs of the desert. After him came the great Roman Conquerors—the Scipios and Pompey and Cæsar—they founded an empire the most magnificent and splendid, so that Marcus Antoninus in the days of its greatest extent and power and glory reigned over 120 000 000 people. But it fell very far short of the conquests of our King. Then followed Mohammed and Charlemagne. They founded kingdoms and empires that shook the earth, but they did not embrace all the nations, they got no permanent heritage. Lastly, we see the most remarkable of all, springing from no royal line, but from the ranks of the people; having no prestige but that of genius; who was described as "grand, gloomy and peculiar." Napoleon Bonaparte, the fatalist, following the star of his destiny, rose at the dawn of this century, shook the thrones of Europe, played with kings and crowns as if they were toys, then died on a desolate island far away from the scenes of his conquests. I am glad that I thought of him, because he tells a true story about our King, acknowledging, after aspiring for universal empire, that Christ alone, is the universal King. "Jesus Christ" said he to one of the officers who accompanied him in his exile, "Jesus Christ is more than man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him." Then further on he says, "The soul, charmed with the beauty of the Gospel, is no longer its own; God possesses it entirely. He directs its thoughts and faculties; it is His. What a proof of the Divinity of Jesus Christ! Yet in this absolute sovereignty He has but one aim—the spiritual perfection of the individual, the purification of his conscience, his union with what is true, the salvation of his soul. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a Conqueror who draws men to Himself for their highest good; who unites to Himself, incorporates into Himself, not a nation, but the whole human race."

Thus spoke Napoleon, the fatalist, the conquerer, the aspirant for universal dominion, the fallen monarch. If I had time I

could bring a number of infidels who in their better moods bore the same testimony. I could bring Rousseau and Hegel and Schelling and Spinoza. I could mention misbelievers as well as disbelievers, who all unite in laudations of our King. I could mention Kant, and Jean Paul Richter, and Gœthe, and Carlyle and our own American Channing. And, lastly, I could mention Ingersoll himself, who, when he leans to the better side of his "If," speaks of the "great, serene man, who died for man." He must have remembered that graveyard experience when he uttered these words, and thought of the starlight and the rustling wing beyond the wall where reason's torch could not guide him.

O, shadow of Ingersoll, what art thou, but a bundle of contradictions and absurdities? Out of thee, O Tree of that dismal shadow, come truth and falsehood, light and darkness, good humor and blasphemy, sentiments that are beautiful as poetry can make them, and sentiments as infamous as Satan can suggest. Know you not that you kneel to and worship Hypocrisy itself if Jesus is not the Divine Messiah of the second and the hundred and tenth Psalms? Jesus of Nazareth claimed to be that very Messiah. If he was not, then he spoke falsely, he was a deceiver, a hypocrite, yea, worse than an infidel.

Now let us turn from this thousand year old psalm-prophecy, of the Old Testament, preserved and handed down so wondrously, to the New Testament, and see the fulfillment. We have seen the King seated on his throne in Zion; we have seen him with a sceptre, a rod of iron, breaking the rebellious nations and peoples; we have seen Him and heard the proclamation, this is the King, this is the Son of God; this is to be the Conquerer of the world. See Him now in Zion. You know that Zion was the name of a hill at Jerusalem, and that Jerusalem was sometimes called Zion. But Zion is often put for the Church which worshiped in the hill bearing that name. Zion, then, was the Hill. Let us now look back 1880 years to the top of that hill. Do you see any King there? "No;" you say "none but Herod, none but his master Cæsar Augustus, the Roman Emperor." Look at Bethlehem, six miles away, in a khan—in a stall where the horned oxen fed, and you see a new-born babe wrapped in rags, lying on the straw. Zion, behold your King! "A pretty King is he," you say. No matter, look away to the Judean hill-tops. Hear that seraphic strain, "Glory to God in the highest." Why that strain

from the immortal choir ? It was because a Savior was born, and the listening Shepherd's hied them to the kahn and the stall to behold their Savior King.—That was Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. The Jews were expecting a King—not Herod, whom they had already ; not Augustus the Roman—they were expecting another King. Where did they get that idea ? From the psalm-prophecy—the thousand year old prophecy—preserved and handed down to them through thirty generations.

Now the Gospels—the four Gospels—embraced in our New Testament, all say that Jesus of Nazareth was that King. They all declare that he was the Messiah—that is, the Anointed One. They call him Jesus Christ the King of the Jews. They all tell us that he was the Messiah. Jesus himself in every one of those four Gospels claims to be that Messiah, and that King. Yet he appeared in no royal state ; he had no army ; no navy ; no court ; no ministers. You see nothing but a plain way-faring man, traveling from place to place, attended by twelve poor illiterate men.

Now Jesus always said, My Kingdom is not of this world. He acknowledged Cæsar as the temporal king, and paid him tribute ; but it was with a protest which reserved his own prerogative as a greater King. He told his disciples that his Kingdom was within them—a spiritual Kingdom—a reign of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. You see it is not yet in Robert the Infidel.

Stand up, Robert Ingersoll, and face the King enthroned in Zion. Is He King ? “No ;” you say. “He’s no King, Reason is King, and Intelligence is the only Savior.” Come then with your reason, Robert. Show us your proofs.

1. Then you say “it won’t do,” “it won’t do” is Ingersoll’s strongest argument. It is bare assertion—“it won’t do.” Why ? Because he says the Gospels have been interpolated. Granted. He says they have been interpolated in a hundred places. Granted ; and for aught I know more ; and for aught he knows less by fifty or more. But how did Mr. Ingersoll find out that they were interpolated ? He never laid eyes on one of them in his life. Head-mits that. If he had one in his hand, and stood in this presence to-night, he could not read it for the life of him ; for although he has the gift of wonderful eloquence, and a glibness of wit and humor that tickles and pleases, gains applause and plenty of money, there is nothing plainer than that Robert Ingersoll is not a scholar. He is just a prophet of the gospel of the flesh, and of filthiness for ig-

norance and sin. Now to show you how much he knows about it, he tells you that all of those ancient Greek manuscripts, not one of which he confesses he ever saw, were all written in uncial characters. Whereas, some of them are cursive. I now ask some of his friends to send him this challenge from me. The next time he comes to Wilmington to call at my study, and let me show him specimen *fac similes* of some of those old versions, and I shall be most happy to have him read them for me. But how came he to know that there are interpolations in the Gospel? He did not find it out from his infidel friends. Tom Paine knew no more about it than he does, never saw one of them, couldn't have read it if he had. Where then did Ingersoll get his knowledge? He got it from Christian Scholars—men who spent their lives in research, in critically comparing and examining, taking that which in their judgment had the best evidence to support it. But this man gets up and talks about interpolations as if, by his own genius and profound scholarship, he had made a great discovery, and thus he deceives many ignorant people.

But any of you may search the commentaries and find them for yourselves. Search Clarke, search Lange, search Alford and you will find them. I admit that there are interpolations, inaccuracies and verbal mistakes, with many obsolete words, and I shall presently explain why there are. But here let me say, that the deep and intricate questions involved in a translation of the Scriptures, and especially a consistent rendering of different versions, are questions for the patient scholar in his study, not for a debater, who argues merely for victory over an antagonist, real or imaginary; for the man of learning and research, not for a lawyer, who sees but one side of a question; for the critical judgment of an honest investigator, searching and comparing ancient manuscripts in order to get at the truth, and nothing but the truth; not a traveling stump-orator seeking his support by amusing his hearers, and pandering to their "lusts" and "itching ears." It is ludicrous to think of Robert G. Ingersoll possessing any of the qualifications of a true critic and scholar. The very arguments he uses are for the most part second-hand, such as have been used for ages and answered a thousand times over. True, he has a fascinating way of putting his points, so as to win applause, and cause laughter, and fill his pockets. Chesterfield used to say that Whitefield could thrill an audience by the very way in which he would pronounce "Mesopo-

tamia." Even so Robert Ingersoll can call down the house by the way in which he puts that wonderful argument, which I admit is original, "It won't do." But what if there are such mistakes and errors in the New Testament as Ingersoll asserts ; what if the ancient versions differ as much as he claims that they do ; let him say if he ever saw, or heard, or even read, of any acknowledged version of either of the four Gospels that did not hold up Jesus of Nazareth as the true Messiah ; as the King in Zion ; as the Savior of this world, who was the immaculate Son of God, born of the Virgin ; who wrought miracles ; was crucified ; died, and then rose again ? Did he or any body else ever hear of a Gospel—any ancient version of the Gospel, that did not contain a particular narration of these things ?

2. Mr. Ingersoll's second argument is that there is a "Syndicate," as he calls it in his sarcastic way, getting up a new translation. Well, there is an association of able scholars, the ablest of this age, engaged in such a work—examining all the versions that are now extant, comparing them with a view to get out a New Testament as free from blemishes as is possible for human intelligence to secure. Thus Intelligence, Ingersoll's own Savior, is at work, saving the truth from the mistakes of copyists and translators—not from errorists and willful forgers.

But wherefore the necessity ? Well, it would be a good answer if I should say that our Savior Jesus Christ, who Mr. Ingersoll thinks is a less potent Savior than his own Intelligence, wrote nothing. The Gospels were all written by men ; but they were inspired men—men who were inspired by the Holy Ghost. The original compositions, those written by the hands of the Evangelists themselves, no man living ever saw. They were copied for the use of the Churches of old. The copyists were uninspired men. They made mistakes in copying. There were no printers in those days ; there were no establishments that could turn out 100,000 copies in a month or two, every one exactly alike to the dotting of an *i* and the crossing of a *t*. Everything had to be done by hand, as was done with all ancient literature down to the age when printing was invented. Now that is the reason why there are mistakes, and the more numerous the copies, the more numerous the mistakes. The hundred interpolations claimed by Ingersoll are not all interpolations ; the genuineness of most of them is supported by many learned scholars, while other learned men dispute them. But none

of these difficulties disturb the King who sits serenely on his throne in Zion. Must we throw away that Bible which puts this King before our eyes because of a few clerical blunders? Must we dash the whole thing down to be trampled in the mire by Ingersollian swine, or what is even worse, give it to the jocular satyrs in the Court of Bacchus to crack their jokes over and spew out their filth upon it, when it is as plain as truth can make it, that the King is there on his throne, ruling in the midst of his enemies and gaining his conquests of the nations? What if there are not 40,000,000 converted in a year. Who is this fleshly god of the valley, this laughing satyr, that he should dictate to our King, and tell him to hasten with his work? Ah, Robert, God will take His time; thou canst not hurry Him; this He shows by sparing thy life for near three score years, and suffering thee to taunt Him during much of that time.

Ingersoll's treatment of the Bible would throw away all history as unreliable, if not false. He treats history a good deal like he treats the Bible. If it suits him, he accepts it; if it don't support his side of a question, he rejects it. Witness how he perverts the truth in regard to Thomas Paine's life and character, and how he misrepresents the life and character of Jesus Christ. He starts out with a fundamental premise—Hell must be "kicked" out of the way, and history, as well as the Bible, must be disposed of in a summary way.

I have read three lives of Napoleon Bonaparte; they all differ. What then, was there no Napoleon Bonaparte? Was he not emperor of France? Was he not overthrown at Waterloo? Did he not die at St. Helena? All three lives assert these facts. Why should I throw away the united testimony because of discrepancies in the minor details? I have read three lives of General Washington. In one of them it is said that Lord Cornwallis surrendered to him at Yorktown; in another it is said, the British Commander handed his sword to General Greene. Shall I say there was no General Washington because of this seeming discrepancy? that he was not the Commander in chief of the American Army? that he was not the Savior of his country? I have read several histories of England. In one it is said that the battle that gave England to the Norman Conqueror was fought at Hastings; another says it was fought at a place called Senlac. What then, was there no William of Normandy? was there no Norman conquest because of this apparent contradiction? Now this is the very nature of Ingersoll's

objections to the Gospels on the ground of the interpolations and the new translation.

3. He next objects to the Gospel of John, saying it was not written till long after the others, and in one place he says not until centuries after them. It was written after the others, I admit, and if it was long afterwards they must have been written in the times of the Apostles. Now look at the proof. John died, according to the best tradition, at the age of 100, or about A. D. 100. Justin Martyr, one of the early fathers, wrote an Apology for Christianity, and addressed it to the emperor Hadrian A. D. 126; only twenty-six years from the death of John. He quotes from John's Gospel in that Apology. Does Mr. Ingersoll mean to say that within that twenty-six years somebody else wrote that Gospel? If so let him prove it. As a lawyer that loves justice he ought to prove it. He made the assertion when he stood only about 100 yards from a public library where he might have gone and seen the writings of the early Christian Fathers. O, Robert Ingersoll, thou light of the world; thou profound scholar and critic; thou friend of Justice, and Truth, and Liberty; thou worshiper of Reason; thou liberator of thy country from the barbarism of faith, from the superstitions of priestcraft, from the domination of hypocrisy; thou enthusiastic Iconoclast who would burn the Bible, extinguish the fires of Gehenna, break down the alters of the "infinite absurdity," and demolish churches and whatever stands in the way of thy new paganism, why didst thou not just cross the street, and, entering the public library of this city, glance over the pages of the history of Christ's Church for the first three centuries? Thou mightest have seen what Justin Martyr, and Origen, and Tertullian and many other Christian fathers wrote. There was no Pope then claiming divine titles and laying down law to senates and kings; no hierarchy: no priest-ridden Churches; no inquisition; no *Autos de Fe*. Try, Mr. Ingersoll, to be more careful in your study of sacred bibliography.

4. John's Gospel "was writren by the Church." Which Church? When, where? How do you know it? What is your reason for thinking so? I find none better than that which a certain witty lawyer gives to whatever he finds does not agree with his notions. "It wont do." This he says with an inimitable grimace; he says it to make the satyrs laugh, and they do laugh; he does it to gather a crowd that can fill his purse.

See, O my hearers, how this Robert Ingersoll, who proudly aspires to be his country's liberator from the shackles of error, separates from the true Gospel just what pleases him, and rejects the rest, and then charges that the Church wrote it in order to get money. He says it in a way to have a good, jocular time over the grandest and most sacred truth in the universe; over the most sublime attributes of that great Eternal, All-wise and Merciful Being that the most enlightened nations of this world revere; over the holiest feelings, and most cherished convictions of the human soul. See how he treats all passages which teach repentance, faith, the new birth, salvation from sin, and the retributions of eternity.

In reply to this broad, but baseless assertion, I say, Robert, *It wont do*—It wont do for a good lawyer, who loves justice, and truth, and good fellowship among men, to make bold, sweeping assertions without proof. This is his last fling at Christianity. It is a confession of defeat. It is the backhanded blow of a fleeing foe. Driven from his munition of lies, from the glittering, flaming truth of the God of the hill-top, and as he flees toward the shadowy vale of the satyrs, he shouts back—*It wont do*.

Now, let us consider the true good Gospel that Ingersoll, not his shadow—preached.

“Christ never wrote a solitary word of the New Testament. He never told anybody to write a word. He never said ‘Matthew, remember this, Mark, do not forget to put that down, Luke, be sure that in your Gospel you have this, John do not forget.’” Well, all this is true. Had it been said grandly, and not faceciously, and to make the satyrs laugh, it had been the grandest and truest utterance that ever fell from the lips of Robert Ingersoll. It contains something he did not see, or intend; something that a profound thinker would have seen and noted. Wrapped up in this utterance, however flippantly spoken, I find the internal and demonstrative evidence. It requires but a few words to bring it out—to bring it out so as to kindle an ardor of gratitude and devotion in Christian hearts, and send a gust of praise up to the great King on his throne. Just look at it. Jesus, an acknowledged reformer and teacher of truth, an acknowledged martyr to the truth he taught, chose twelve men to be with him and hear him talk. Like the Academicians of Athens, and the Peripatetics of old, who walked and talked with their disciples: so Jesus walked and talked with

his. He selected them not from among the priests and Rabbis, who spurned his teachings and called him "that fellow;" not from the aristocratic Scribes and Pharisees, who constantly watched for an occasion to accuse him; not from the infidel Sadducees; but from among lowly fishermen, and occupants of other humble stations in life. They soon formed an undying attachment for him. He talked; they listened. His words distilled into their hearts, like the gentle dew from heaven. They remembered his words. He did not write anything; he did not tell them to write anything. He just talked; they listened and remembered. That was all. But the talks of Jesus with his disciples, and in their hearing, found their way into writing, and we have the substance of them in the four Gospels. No matter who wrote them down, nor when they were written; no matter whether Matthew wrote the one that bears his name or not; no matter whether Mark, or Luke, or John wrote a Gospel; the four Gospels contain the substance of the conversations which Jesus had with his disciples and others. He just left his Gospel in the memory of his Apostles, then died; then rose again, and went to heaven. Was Jesus a man? "Yes," says Ingersoll—"a great serene man." Did he die? "Yes, and the place where he died for man is holy ground." I hold you to all that, Robert Ingersoll. Did Jesus rise from the dead, Robert? "No;" you say, "I don't believe it." Will you believe a witness? As a lawyer you will not take mere opinion or speculation. Is opinion evidence? Is speculation evidence? Would Ingersoll, as a lawyer, take it to set aside any fact? What would he demand as credible proof? Why, a man of good character who was an eye and ear witness.

Stand up then Ingersoll and face the King's witness.

Call Peter, that man of rock, into court, and let Ingersoll be the Judge. What sayest thou, Simon, Son of Jona? Didst thou know Jesus of Nazareth? I knew him very well. How long? About three years. Were you often with him? Every day during that time. Did you see him die? Yes, I saw him expire on the cross, though I stood some distance off. Was he buried? Yes, in the sepulcher of one Joseph. Did you see him after he was dead and buried? Yes. Where, in the grave? No, I went there early Sunday morning but he was not there. I saw the grave clothes, but he was gone. When did you see him? The same day, in the evening. Did any one else see him? Yes, there were ten Apostles,

and some other disciples, present. We saw him often within the next forty days, talked with him, handled him and ate with him. Enough. Ingersoll, do you call that witness a liar? Do you say he was a hypocrite? Do you assert that he was a villain, and, with others, fabricated the miracle on which Christianity rests? Your shadow, Ingersoll, says all that. Come down from that seat of Justice, shade of Ingersoll. Lay aside that ermine which thou hast polluted with such foul injustice. It is but the Babylonish garment thou hast put on for the sake of gold. Worse than the worst Judge that ever took a bribe, art thou, O shade of Ingersoll.

You say the Church invented these Gospels, and fabricated this story for the sake of money. You say it, or hint it in this little tract which contains your speech in the Opera House. It is a correct edition, for you say here, "This is the only correct and authorized edition of these lectures, (signed) R. G. Ingersoll." You send that pamphlet into thousands of American homes, to break down the testimony of that honest fisherman, Simon Peter, and destroy the hopes of unborn thousands. You fill it with such a dash of wit, such a jingle of words, such a boldness of assertion, and such a gush of sentiment, as to make even silly women hail you as the light of the world. This is the justice you, a worshiper of Justice, show to the memory of dead men. Robert, thou art a slanderer of the dead. Thou has slandered Simon Peter, that poor honest fisherman, who was put to death—crucified with his head downward, because he testified that his Master was risen from the dead. You slandered dead John Calvin. Bancroft, the historian, would tell you so: Mr. Guizot, the French Protestant statesman would tell you so: Dr. Reillet, a distinguished Unitarian divine, would tell you so. You slandered John Knox, Scotland's greatest hero. You slandered dead Jonathan Edwards, as pure a man as ever walked the earth. Robert Ingersoll, you boast much of your love of justice, of your good nature, of your charity for other men in their weaknesses and frailties, and yet you have slandered the dead.

You charge it upon Christians, in one of your pamphlets which I have read, that they have slandered the memory of dead Tom Paine; I charge it upon you, Robert Ingersoll, that in this very pamphlet you slander the memory of better men, who are also dead. Yes; you do it in this pamphlet which you sell for 25 cents that would not be worth even ten cents if it were filled with better things. Did ever venality equal this?

Now from the day of Christ's ascension down to the present, mark the progress his Gospel has made. Infidel Jews tried to crush it. Infidel, Pagan Rome tried to burn it out, or starve it out, or drive it out of the earth. But it lived and went on widening its way. Pagan Rome, growing more and more corrupt, and doing many of the ugly things which Mr. Ingersoll accuses her of, covered it over with a great pile of rubbish, and did use, if she did not invent, torture; she did send out the persecuting Inquisition to trample down and destroy those who wanted to go by the simple sayings of Jesus and his holy Apostles, and not by the voice of the Pope. Who can find in the New Testament any warrant for persecution, or fire and faggot, for Inquisitions and *Auto de Fes*? Who can find in the New Testament one particle of that spirit of avarice which Ingersoll attributes to Ante-Nicene Christians; that rapacious cupidity that prompted them, as he says, to interpolate the Gospels in order to extort money from the credulous? Everywhere in Gospels and Epistles we read the very opposite; we read that covetousness is idolatry, that the love of money is the root of all evil. Behold in Robert Ingersoll at this very moment an illustration of this truth. We see him trying to break down and destroy the only religion that ever brought relief and comfort to the lost and ruined of our race; we see him slandering the holiest and purest men that ever lived; we see him sowing broadcast such principles as will bring upon this land every conceivable woe, and all to make money! Yet he is the man who accuses the early Christians—the greatest heroes and martyrs in the world's history, of forgery for the sake of money, and that our blessed New Testament contains their forgeries. Speaking of the young man mentioned in the 19th chapter of Matthew who said to Jesus, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life."—Ingersoll says. "In the old times when the Church got a little scarce of money, they always put in a passage praising poverty." This he says as a proof that Christ's direction, "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," is an "interpolation." Is it not plain that it is Ingersoll's mind that is fixed on money, not that of the Holy Evangelist?

It was not true belief in the Gospel that invented those horrors of persecution, but unbelief. It was either disbelief or misbelief. It was not true faith. True, saving faith in Jesus Christ never did aught to make any human being wretched on this earth. Just see

what this Gospel, left unwritten by Jesus, has done. Look at the nations it has lifted out of the darkness of barbarism ; look at the women that it has lifted out of slavery ; look at the constitution of governments and laws that it has penetrated with its justice and humanity ; look at the great statesmen, philosophers, poets, inventors, philanthropists and benefactors it has inspired and stimulated ; look at the noble institutions it has founded ; schools, colleges, hospitals, poorhouses—asylums for the blind, for the deaf, for the homeless, for the orphan, for the destitute. Compare Christian nations with heathen ; Protestant countries with Roman Catholic. You see what the Gospel of Jesus has done. It is not marvelous, is it not miraculous ? Next to the resurrection of Jesus Christ on which it is founded, the greatest miracle of all the ages is Christianity. Where can infidelity point to such credentials ? Where are the nations that it has enlightened and lifted up ? Where are the governments which it has penetrated and ennobled, made humane and just ? France—do you point to France ? It had two monsters—St Bartholomew, born of misbelief, and its twin brother, the Guillotine, born of disbelief. Tell me not of France. Infidelity has no credentials but those that are written in blood, and crime and pollution. It cannot point to a single institution of pure benevolence and mercy that it ever erected. Individual infidels may here and there have contributed to them ; but infidelity never founded one, never built one, never supported one. Remove their only prop and stay and they all sink into decay. Infidelity has no nourishment for them.

Why has Infidelity done no good in the world ? Because it has no power to do good—no disposition or desire to do good. Why has it done so much evil in the world ? Because of its inherent perniciousness. It is a poisoned fountain. If it has wit, every sally is a poisoned dart. If it has eloquence, and beauty, and polish, and refinement, they are but the iridescent colors of a serpent that charms its victim to get it in reach of its deadly fang.

Why has Christianity lived and flourished and spread, in spite of such deadly hatred of its enemies ? Because there is inherent truth and goodness in it. This I would show if I had time to lay before you a full view of the internal evidence, the consistency, the excellence, the divine beauty of the system. Not that which makes persecutors, and hypocrites and tyrants, and libertines, for all such are unbelievers at heart, and not true believers. All true believers

believe with the heart unto righteousness—not unto sin, iniquity and hypocrisy. The Gospel saves them, for it makes them good-natured and cheerful, requiring them to rejoice evermore and to be content with such things as they have. It saves them by appeals to their reason and intelligence, as well as their hope and their confidence. It is also a Gospel of intelligence. "For God hath not given to us the spirit fear, but of love and of power and of a sound mind." But the best of all is that it saves from sin. The blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God cleanseth from all sin. What else can it do? Sin is not an invention of the priesthood, but a deadly virus in the human heart, and that is what has filled the world with misery. The Gospel in its true sense asks or constrains men to ask, "What must we do to be saved from sin?" Ingersoll's shadow is the laughing satyr that turns it to ridicule. The heathen jailor of Philippi trembled when he asked that question. Would God that Ingersoll might tremble when he asks it again.

Finally, he says the New Testament cannot be true, because it does not bear the signature of God. But there Robert is mistaken, and I can say to him as he has so often said in his funny way—"It won't do. God has affixed his signature, I don't mean to the parchment—on which Matthew, Mark, Luke or John wrote, I never saw one of them and don't know anything about that. But still I say God has affixed his signature. This I know, and I could summon thousands of witnesses whose testimony would be taken in court. Were they on the stand to testify, Robert G. Ingersoll, shrewd lawyer as he is, would be put to confusion by their answers. I can get good, truthful, credible witnesses in this congregation to testify that God has affixed his signature to the Gospel.

Do you say all these witnesses are liars? That all the good men and women who are ready to testify to this fact—for it is a fact—are hypocrites? Where is the man or the woman that would have the heart to say so cruel a thing? The best people in this world are ready to testify that God has accredited the Gospel by his own signature. Here, then, is a crucial test. In it all my arguments centre. Christians—true spiritual Christians can testify and do testify—not to a dream, for a dream is not taken in court—not to a fancy, or an opinion—for these things are not listened to in court—but to something they know. Now, for the proof—God says. "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and I will bless thee". Now, to record it, means to write it,

means to make it known. There are more ways of writing than with pen and ink, and there are more things to be written on than paper, or sheepskin, or stone, or metal, or wood. Some things can be written on the fleshly tables of the heart. God, therefore, records His name. He makes a promise that He will record His name, and that is His signature. Jesus also promised that if any man would do the will of God, he should know of the doctrine whether it be of God or merely of man. Christians have accepted this test, and have found it true, for the Spirit beareth witness with their spirit that they are the children of God. This is the Demonstrative evidence. This no man can deny. If a man cannot say that he is himself born of God, how can he bear witness that there is no new birth? Such a witness would not be admitted into court. Who ever was brought into court to prove a negative? All of Ingersoll's arguments are brought up to prove a negative. As a lawyer he knows that none of his testimony can be admitted in court. A court of Justice is a bar of reason, and at that bar Ingersoll, the devotee of reason, is rejected, because he has nothing to prove but a negative, and a negative is incapable of proof. The Christian proposes to prove an affirmative proposition. He says I know—I know in whom I have believed—I know that I have passed from death unto life—I know that my name is written in the lamb's book of life. No infidel can say this—no unbeliever can say it truthfully. A hypocrite may say it, but it is not true in his case, only a true Christian can say it truthfully, and all true Christians do say it, for they have all tested the matter and found it to be true. God has set to his seal that the Gospel is true. He has affixed His name and signature to that Gospel. O, blessed truth—O would that thou wert here Robert Ingersoll, and that thou wouldst humbly kneel at the alter of the Great King, and pray until thou shouldst be baptized with the baptism of light and love from on high. I know just what thou wouldst do then. Thou wouldst stand up weeping before this whole congregation. Thou wouldst confess that thou hast been mistaken. That in the blindness of thy folly and the madness of thy unbelieving zeal thou hadst upbraided thy Maker, hadst falsified thy reason, hadst denied the very instincts of thy being.

I call this the Demonstrative argument. It is the demonstration of the Spirit. It is the deep logic of the soul. It is the union of a sound mind with a pure heart. It is the marriage of Reason

and Faith. They embrace lovingly, and nothing can divorce them but sin. O Robert Ingersoll, let thy Reason seek its nobler spouse. Thy Reason once stood up close to the "unseen Rock"—the impenetrable wall, when Faith like a coyish maiden, came near with starlight in her eye, and rustling her white wings of purity. You retreated into the shadows. Come back, come back, O wanderer; yield to the charms of loving, trusting Faith; consent to be joined to her in eternal affiance. Then, whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

1977

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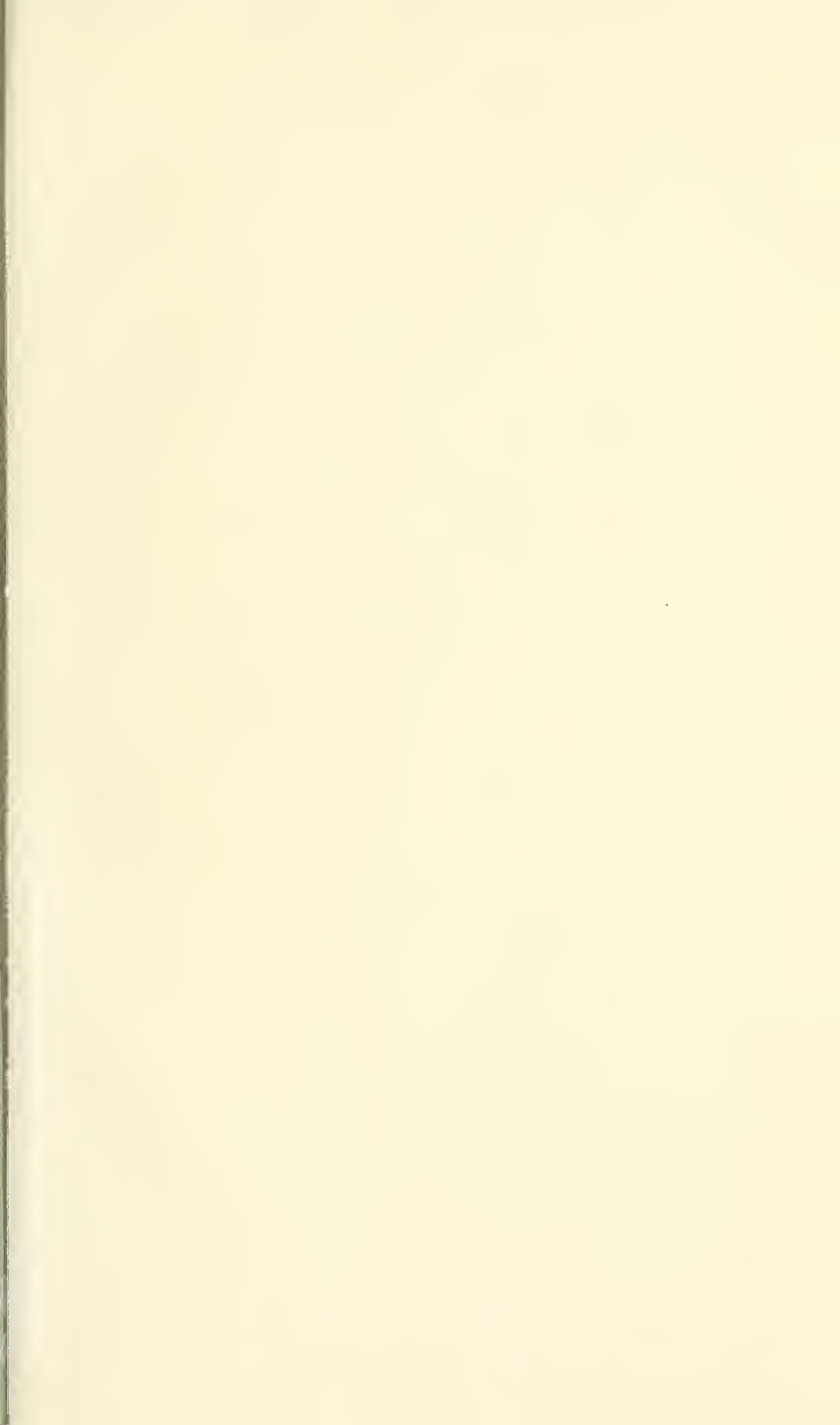
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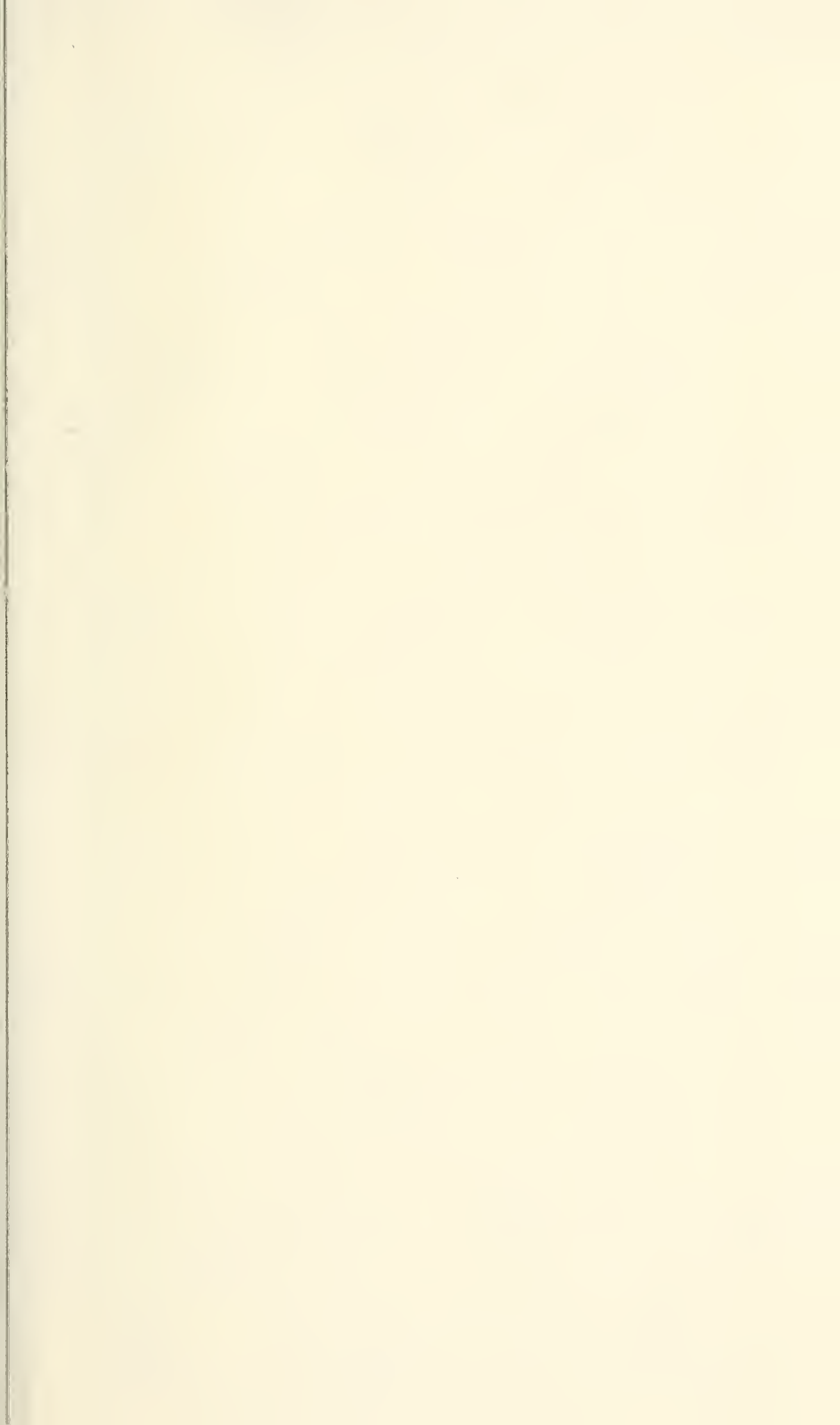
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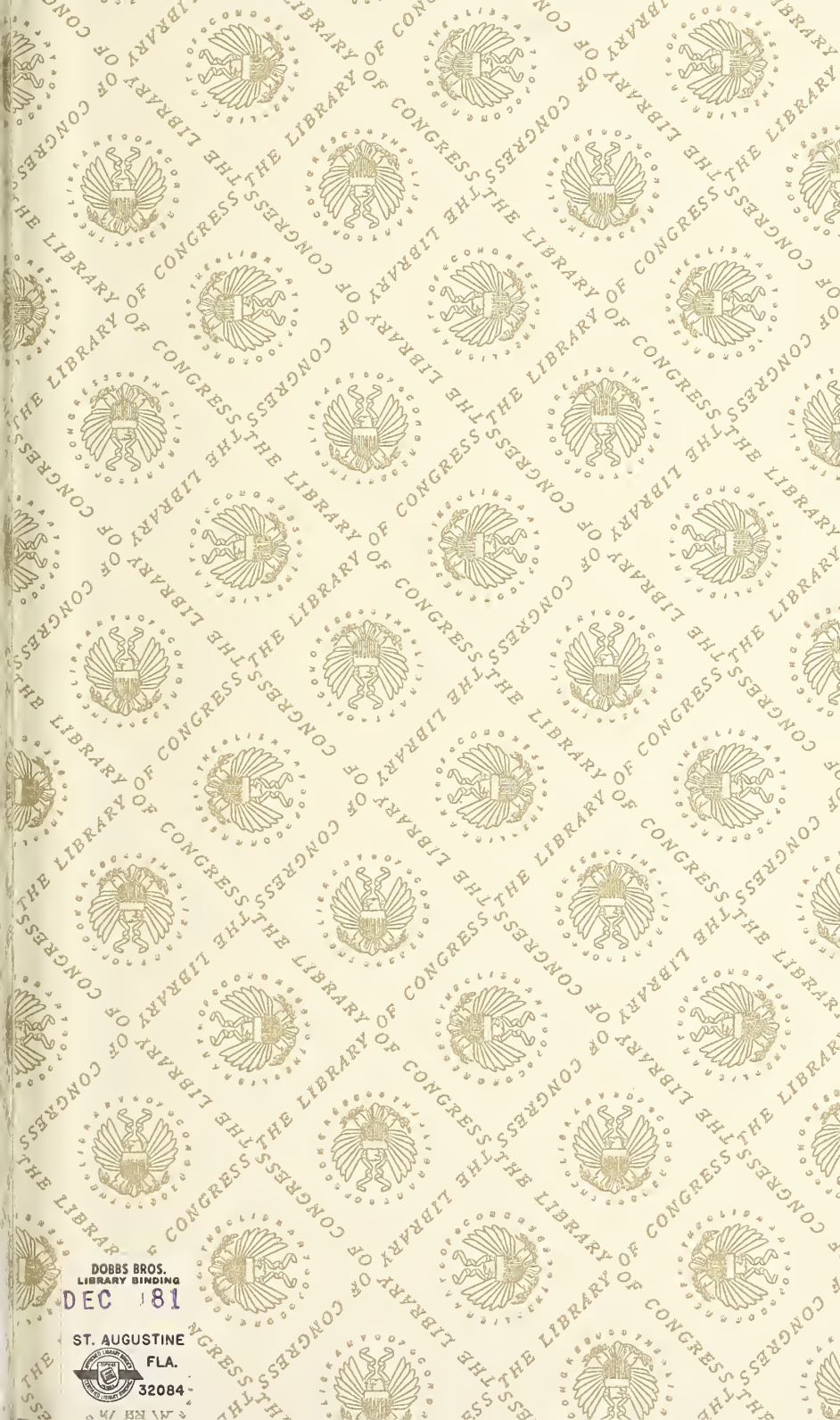


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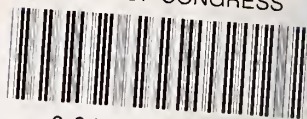
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